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Ancient Hibernians and  
others

Galway

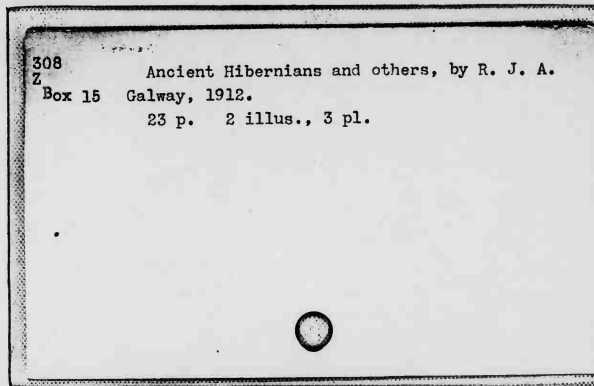
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Box 15

# Ancient Hibernians and others.

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BY

R. J. A.

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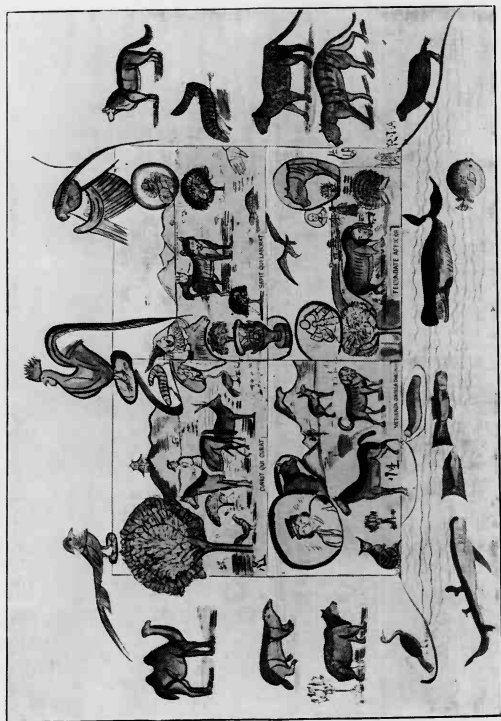
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GENTES AURÆÆ.

## ANCIENT HIBERNIANS AND OTHERS.

The primal pristine Irish race—  
Only a word regarding,  
These men could scarcely guard the place  
'Gainst stone and nut bombarding.

First one-eyed giants took the Isle  
From Africa invading,  
They marched perhaps the sea in file,  
And came on us when wading.

They may have been a Pirate group  
Who came from site of Norway,  
Or came from Africa to swoop  
Upon some place like Galway.

The shores and sea floors fluctuate,  
So when the floors are rising,  
Rocks rude like giants emanate  
In ranks and files surprising.

The waters were oft shallow then,  
And like as not Old Ireland  
Was sometimes joined to Gambien,  
And not as now an Island.

The giants here made good their stay,  
And drove out proper people,  
Who had at that time "little say,"  
When giants handled steeples.

The natives soon were hurried hence,  
And may have slipped to Greenland;  
By land, of course, it was immense  
To reach this by a 'tween land.

No doubt our men had then long fur  
That kept them warm in winter;  
Cold nights in hottest parts occur,  
Furred skin does coldness hinder.

Perhaps the owners of the soil  
No naval vote conceded;  
They failed thus Finn Macoul to foil,  
Strength for the giants pleaded.

Or was the trade of sailor lost,  
An art that would seem futile;  
If Ireland some miles high were tossed,  
And inland stood this good Isle.

The mountains some think evidence  
Of giants' monstrous action,  
There are in places proof in rocks  
Of some great disaffection.

E'en now when mists the hills enswathe,  
With rocks in some parts peeping;  
Some people think they see the wraith  
Of one who watch is keeping.

Let this be as it may, 'tis said  
In Greece were giant dwellers  
Who were disposed of by those led  
By gods, disorder quellers.

If true for Greece, why not for here,  
If Titans were rock slingers,  
Why should our tales be folk-lore mere,  
Our writers mere change ringers?

There are those too, who say, of course,  
Irish if Ireland holding,  
Could but be squashed by giant force,  
I leave to them the scolding.

#### THE PARTHALON.

Next Parthalon to Ireland came  
And tried to be our nation,  
And where's the blame, they made a name  
To giants' consternation?

The giant tribe had lined the coast,  
Presenting an obstruction,  
The Parthalon got past the host  
By watching tidal fluctuation.

These fighting strangers came from where?  
The great plain; how pedantic,  
I'd like to state it if I dare,  
They mean the broad Atlantic.

We hear about a silver race  
That Grecia's land commanded,  
A streak of silver one can trace  
In Parthalonian bandit.

The Parthalon of Ancient Greece  
Made up this race of silver,  
Before the time of Golden Fleece,  
Which Jason had to pilfer.

That oceans then showed tracts of land  
Requires no fierce contention,  
For mountains in Atlantic stand,  
(Cape Verde Isles) and Ascension.

In the Canaries, and I add  
St. Helena, Madeira,  
Plants and animals are had  
In these as in Iberia.

Or else from distal lands they hied,  
Jamaica from, or Greenland,  
Or from a South Atlantis tried  
To reach this by a 'tween land.

If land Atlantis then stood by,  
They might have come by walking;  
If North and Irish Sea were dry  
East man would stand no balking.

No doubt these were arboreal men,  
And might have come by climbing  
From tree to tree, by swinging then,  
Thus rhythm preceded rhyming.

'Tis scarcely true they came on planks  
Or rafts, or e'en by swimming,  
The latter style would suit the pranks  
Of slow folk ocean skimming.

One finds in Erin, South and West,  
That plant forms love to linger,  
Which once with spacious lands were blest,  
A theme for bard or singer.

There seems no trace of anything,  
These people with them carried,  
Or else they did their tools back bring  
And watched them while they tarried.

These bold invaders took our Isle,  
The giants were so lazy,  
They could at best some sea craft spoil  
They were too big and crazy.

The new arrivals did not find  
Ireland a land Elysian,  
But mentally a truce was signed,  
Each giving his adhesion.

The Parthalon perhaps decreed  
To still continue moving,  
Their keyword may have been proceed,  
Motion, for such is soothing.

Those that remained grew few in time,  
Perhaps they kept migrating,  
Wandering would suit the clime  
As interest kept abating.

Disease, perhaps, too, thinned their ranks  
And carried off their offspring,  
There may have been at this time cranks  
Who scorned pure Nature's offering.

Tis possible for want of ships  
These people could not tarry,  
Were only making useful trips,  
Taking what they could carry.

As children when they value aught  
Keep toys and trinkets near them,  
And often when they've booty caught  
They trust not friends, but fear them.

Had the Parthalon a fleet  
They might have struck the giant,  
Who was not very hard to meet,  
So tauntingly defiant.

Boats did belike not suit their mind  
And trusting to their muscle,  
Did quickly stonewall giants find  
Too rigid in a tussle.

The Parthalon liked better trees  
And high up built their dwellings,  
A pleasant prospect showed from these,  
So they their fears kept quelling.

They left this land, were driven out,  
Or emigrated grieving,  
They hoped to get more food, no doubt,  
And hoped to live by leaving.

#### THE NEMIDIANS.

To Erin next Nemidian came,  
Atlantis passing over;  
Merica might these people claim  
Before they first broke cover.

There may have been a narrow sea,  
Across which it was easy  
To bring a raft, but we agree  
It could not be too breezy.

This little bustling dapper set  
Were suited well for sailors,  
But then this statement 's always met  
By "Why not call them tailors?"

No boats are found, or sails or oars,  
Nor yet good fish bones buried,  
Which had been cooked near ocean shores  
Where they were caught or carried.

But if the Nemides had a taste  
They could the sea have furrowed,  
The ocean would not grow to waste  
With men the mounds who burrowed.

The Nemide was a canty man,  
Head long and flat, and narrow,  
Small chin, large eye, that was their plan,  
They handled well the arrow.

It is presumed the sense of sight  
In these was strong and steady,  
Their hearing too was also bright,  
The men in conflict ready.

These wild men oft the mammoth slew,  
And caves bears tracked or hunted;  
Rhinoceri they also knew,  
When with these beasts confronted.

The hides of these made clothes and sails,  
Their flesh no doubt was eaten;  
Against most beasts strong man prevails,  
He is not easily beaten.

It may be that the Nemide men  
Were weak like birds in smelling;  
Their eyes would better serve them then,  
And ears, there is no telling.

One fancies living in the woods  
Their eyes would scarcely serve them  
As well as nose and hearing would,  
Touch sense might too preserve them.

The Canstadt skeleton and bones,  
One with these races places;  
The skull Neanderthal one pones,  
Here or near to it this traces.

The jaw of Heidelberg belongs  
To a much earlier epoch,  
To wild nut-eating tribes or throngs  
Whose secrets time does firm lock.

Perhaps mousterian beasts and men  
Walked (prowled) about this Westland,  
Or some that feared type mousterian,  
And tried to shun that rough band.

The climate, oft inclement, made  
Men's labour far from equal,  
And cold invasions, it is said,  
Forced man far in the sequel.

With giants they could not abide,  
The giants dulled their ardour,  
Here there were racial chasms wide,  
This made things even harder

Nemidian in odd places dwelt,  
In caves or in mound houses,  
And wielding his stone weapons felt  
The joy that strength arouses.

The Nemides carried with them thence  
Their arts and arms and valour,  
And customs some with *mal prepense*  
That linked have been to *Malheur*.

It seems that bloody customs crude  
Soiled the brave race Nemidian;  
This was, of course, before the flood  
And matched a race obsidian.

A habit now in small repute  
Was when a man departed,  
The wife felt bound to follow suit,  
So thus they were not parted.

Without the husbandman the wife  
Seems to have been down-hearted,  
The man again set free for life  
Would from home ties be parted.

When his life the husband left  
His tribesmen soon assembled,  
His wife came too, who was bereft,  
The grief was not dissembled.

The tribe with suited tribal noise  
Did oft in savage nations,  
Think feasts and sacrifice allies  
Of painful situations.

It seems that wife and children too,  
Were by Nemides not pitied,  
They or their like preferred the view  
The dead compassion fitted.

The sacrifice of wife and wean  
Was then a rite imposing;  
So links were thus made in the chain,  
The social group enclosing.

These customs spread both far and near  
In times long prehistoric;  
No sacrifice seemed ever dear,  
Their rites were so plethoric.

The reading in such cases may  
Most truthfully be rendered;  
Morbid minds act in this way  
By want or lies engendered.

Anthropophagistic feasts  
Seem also to have lingered,  
By famine these were much increased,  
And then few were clean fingered.

'Tis like anthropophagic castes  
Invaded oft these rustics,  
Impression of these often lasts  
Without inane acrostics.

Nemides, in time, of Irish soil  
Grew sick, and tired and weary;  
Small seemed the wages for the toil,  
Their lives grew dull and eery.

Some thought it best to emigrate  
And leave a rocky region,  
Where fare was scant at any rate,  
And wild beasts were a legion.

The rough stone weapons, tho' they were  
Provided with fir handles,  
Served to procure their mammoth fare,  
Bears' skins, too, for the vandals.



America they could not reach  
 Perhaps the land subsided,  
 What planks they had one need not preach  
 Made lands more still divided.

Perhaps some rafts of planks were made,  
 Wives, children, beast containing,  
 Men could by poles progression aid  
 While by a current gaining.

They outward moved, and toward the East  
 Where land across was rising;  
 The sun ascending, too, increased  
 Hope in the enterprising.

(One may be sure that now and then,  
 On foot Nemides outflocked;  
 Sea-floors have often risen when  
 Vulcan has Neptune mocked.)

The shores, at all events, arose  
 Most rugged, but inviting;  
 The Nemides soon forgot their foes,  
 Prospects seemed so inciting.

The shores were Norway to the North,  
 Greece at the South was sleeping;  
 That was the Sailor's Southern Earth,  
 Between was Scythia peeping.

Hordes reached at times some friendly shore,  
 And landing tried to settle,  
 Wives, weans into new tracts would pore,  
 If land tribes, and with cattle.

They may not all have gone at once,  
 But just as they were driven,  
 And chose the country for the nonce,  
 Which seemed as to them given.

This is how in olden times,  
 The land from Greece to Norway,  
 Got from the West more men than dimes,  
 For them to till or foray.

It may be cities now sunk deep,  
 Were by Nemides affected;  
 And towns may under ocean sleep  
 That Nemide skill erected.

No doubt, they founded Hieroglyph,  
 But this occurred much later,  
 When Irish Nile men found an "if"  
 In Earth and good in greater.

Seers then with a fable link  
 Of bird and beast discourses,  
 They could not nature's model blink,  
 Real nervous art resources.

The Nemide hordes that travelled on,  
 And reached the coast Pacific,  
 Did also similar functions don,  
 And grew most scientific.

We find in farthest East a field  
 For symbols and invention;  
 Hence, Chinese thought is deep, concealed  
 In complex art, I mention.

Yet, if one ponder o'er the fact,  
 One finds auspicious reasons  
 For thinking Nemide thought and act  
 Are here the salt that seasons.

The Ogam marks are modern writ  
 Made by much later persons,  
 Who had a simpler kind of wit,  
 Than Chinese Irish fair sons.

If I might hazard here a guess,  
 I call it nothing better,  
 Science is Ogam's Sire, no less,  
 Art, Sire of the Chinese letter.

The minds formed in a simple mould  
 "To facts took" pure and simple,  
 Thus Science flows, they can unfold  
 And scrutinize a dimple.

When minds are of a complex type  
 They fail to tease out riddles,  
 And simply take all thoughts as ripe  
 And play on them like fiddles.

'Tis possible the pyramids,  
Or even Eden's Garden,  
Were tilted by sons of the Nemids,  
Or built, I crave your pardon.

Nor should I be surprised to hear,  
With Cuneiform known better,  
That Babylon and Tyre appear  
Nemidian to the letter.

That Nineveh and the first Troy,  
Delhi, too, and Peking,  
Are Irish American, *ma foi*,  
When this tribe trade was seeking.

Virgil then, and Plautus too,  
May soon require amending,  
In Homer there will then ensue  
A task that knows no ending.

One cannot say how far they roamed,  
These Irish Nemide races;  
Kaffir Kraals, some may have homed,  
Or peopled Swazi places.

The reindeer times were coming on  
When mammoth times were ending,  
At some points latter was not done,  
There may have been a blending.

'Tis like enough by Kurile land,  
By Behring or Alaska;  
A wandering restless Nemide land,  
Reached Canada, Nebraska.

There may have been at times much ground  
'Tween India and Panama;  
So that some tribes a foothold found  
In lands of sloths and llama.

It may have been that pigmy men  
Had gone to Orinocco;  
Before the Nemide left our fen  
They might have gone by Lucknow.

This was so very long ago,  
And facts are somewhat meagre,  
I won't be sure, so allegro;  
Don't to assent be eager.

#### LATER STONE AGE.

The arts that later Stone Age men  
Invented and developed,  
Buildings, weapons, tools, and then  
The clothes that them enveloped,

One may with certainty describe  
From drawings and devices,  
And tools that modern men might hide,  
The style oft not so nice is.

But then the things we have not seen  
These one may millions reckon,  
Might for a psychic soul oft mean  
That skill they were not slack in.

The Nemides felt the powerful force  
That presses on sojourners,  
They grew to think of homes, of course,  
They were of Erin no spurners.

#### THE FIRBALGS.

They felt their work abroad was o'er,  
They were for homeward going,  
To see the land they left before—  
I mean behind—by roining.

The tribe that early made for Greece,  
From them Greece gained much glory;  
'Twas they slew giants and made peace,  
Left first, but to my story.

The Firbalgs headed for the West,  
With Shamrock on their banner  
(They were of little clothes possessed),  
Each man a very *Aner*.

And like the swifts, when spring has come,  
Which leaves a kinder climate,  
To come and hear our insects hum,  
So came our quondam primate.

These people first of Nemide race,  
Olympia changed for Erin;  
Parnassus could not take the place  
Of Nephin so endearing.

In Greece they worked and bravely fought  
To make their masters better;  
But in the end they freedom sought,  
And each man broke his fetter.

In passing one may here recall  
The fact the Firbalg boasted  
A history which, all in all,  
Would be for time a close fit.

Their barques, each of a single piece,  
Were scarcely safe in water;  
If sailing failed they could increase  
The number in the latter

The men had grown somewhat in size,  
Than Nemides they were taller;  
The heads long, narrow, flat, in wise,  
Big skulled, fibular hollow.

Their chins were big, their cheek bones high,  
Their shin bones platycnemic;  
They thus walked better, were more sly,  
Less agile, but more sthenic.

They fought, no doubt, with wooden beats,  
And really gained a foothold;  
They lived a long time using moats,  
And in stone huts were huddled.

On stormy days they stayed at home,  
And when the times grew brighter,  
They feared not in the seas to roam,  
Each man a working fighter.

The Firbalgs struck the giant host,  
And caused them inconvenience:  
While working often near the coast,  
They showed, no doubt, much prescience.

The huts they built, the lives they led,  
One might of these be talking;  
But most of what of these is said  
In history is truth balking.

They got, no doubt, much food to eat,  
And let their navy languish,  
Dedanaans then came with their fleet,  
And caused the Firbalgs anguish.

#### THE DEDANAANS.

These fellows coming from the North,  
From Norway hied in cruisers,  
Which, made of skin, were of some worth,  
One boat might hold ten bruisers.

They were descended from the tribe  
That to North Europe vanished,  
People North East to them ascribe,  
With like skulls are they garnished.

Their skulls give signs of strength and skill,  
They're broad and short and bigger;  
These strangers showed they had some skill,  
And manned their boats with vigour.

Fancy these tribes with boats and sails,  
The latter untanned leather;  
What courage the Firbalg avails,  
If there were good sea weather.

These, too, were short and stout of limb,  
That seems the form for sailors;  
Landing, they many Firbalgs killed,  
And of the rest were jailors.

No doubt, some Firbalg women said  
They wished to live in prison,  
And may then have Dedanaans wed,  
Thus new stocks may have arisen.

Firbalg were to the islands forced,  
The best part went to Connaught;  
From *Terra Cognita* divorced,  
They came here to come on aught.

The giant tribe Dedanaan smote,  
And in a dreadful battle,  
Destroyed the one eyed giant's note  
At Cong, and took their cattle.

This broad-brained, sturdy Northern Race,  
Made progress in past ages,  
And for a time they held a place  
And marked some Nature's pages.

Their native flocks did not compare  
With Bays like Clew or Swilly,  
And winter nights are short in Clare,  
While North Cape parts are chilly.

Dexterous were these sons of Thor,  
Who gaining food and cattle,  
Made clothes of hides, nor would abhor  
The spoils they took in battle.

These men it seems about these times  
Learned art and sculptured figures,  
On mammoth tusks—inclement climes  
Aided and winter rigours.

The earliest art, perhaps arose,  
Because some ardent hunter  
Sought to stir up the minds of those  
Who shared his joy and plunder.

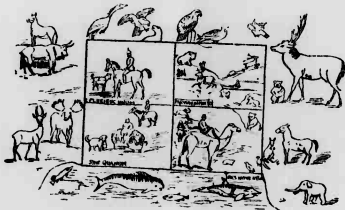
'Tis like as not some love-sick lad  
To gain a lady's favour,  
Drew glutton, deer, or cave bear bad,  
Signs of his love, or labour.

St. Valentine had not been yet,  
But it was only nature  
To send a print of what he'd seen  
To some selected creature.

The habits of the bear might show  
How ardent was the draughtsman,  
Thoughts from a mammoth's figure flow,  
Of skill, strength in the craftsman.

Now when Dedanaans grew effete,  
And fewer grew and feeble;  
They feared the sea, as for a fleet  
'Twas weak enough to breed ill.

The warmth, the fruits and seeds they found,  
The herds of sheep and cattle,  
Caused them to dally; they were bound  
To fall in bitter battle.



THE SCYTHIANS.

Then from the Central Europe plain  
Came Scythians with vigour,  
They too were of an Irish strain,  
*Erse-merican de rigueur.*

The tribes of ancient Nemide stock,  
Who one time peopled Peking,  
Were stayed by neither sea nor rock  
When Ireland they were seeking.

They civilized came back to stay,  
They knew it was their duty:  
And tho' they were so long away,  
They thought of "home and beauty."

Black haired, long headed, dexterous,  
More skilled and somewhat bigger,  
Their tools and weapons, crude for us,  
In these times cut a figure.

'Tis odd that the now Esquimaux  
Has small chin and big orbit,  
The same that one in Erin saw,  
But which were since absorbed.

The Gaels left friends behind in Spain,  
And mostly where they travelled,  
In Russia, Styria, Aquitaine,  
Their history's still unravelled.

The reason Gael Dedanaan beat,  
Was Gaels had strength and cunning,  
And had besides a cobble fleet,  
And thus they made the running.

The Gaels with engines Ireland took  
As well as France and Britain,  
What engines, of these one needs not speak,  
To mention what is written.

Their engines were such handy tools  
As early men could carry,  
Could easily carry, keeping cool,  
To guard them where they'd tarry.

Where a bitter contest blazed,  
They'd scarcely be too lenient;  
Where woods had grown, or cairns were raised  
Minerals were most convenient.

In Ireland too these people made  
In earliest times lake shanties,  
With stones and rubbish, and the aid  
Of smooth stone tools, what fancies.

In Switzerland they made the same,  
But liked best fir for handles;  
They oft made gangways, which we claim  
Were first-class for such vandals.

The Scythian Gaels their homes did fix  
On piles in mud-ground driven;  
These water dwellings made of sticks  
Had gangways to them given.

Dedanaans made some running too  
That was to West and mountains,  
Some were by furriness concealed,  
And some by rocks and mountains.

Dedanaans seen last in France  
Were pigmies one may mention,  
Welsh stories also do remain  
That come within prehension.

Long barrows were by Scythians made  
In which their bones they buried,  
With tools and weapons, which 'tis said,  
Were used where to they ferried.

Facts indicate this sturdy race  
Was pious, wise and prescient,  
Given the arts of peace to place,  
High up 'twas not sufficient.

The Scythians brought Sojadi here  
Their sobaks, Korof, cattle,  
Their strength was much too great, 'tis clear,  
For Dedanaan in battle.

'Tis likely Russians spirit brought  
What's wodka? sounds like whiskey  
Erin, long clothed, 'tis thought they made,  
And drove a sort of Britsky.

I think that household lares came  
With Scythians first, and tarried;  
That's why so many friends make claim  
To those whose names they've carried.

And in the early morning hours,  
Between deep sleep and waking,  
The Scythian spirit may help ours,  
In all our cares partaking.

And when at night soft sleep is shy,  
A Scythian form may linger,  
Beside a couch, may still a sigh  
May be of rest a bringer.

#### THE YELLOW RACE.

Gaels who had yellow hair slipped in,  
'Tis likely they were Chinese,  
Some of the lot that built Pekin,  
I cannot well define these.

But this we know, they scorned the fir,  
The stone men valued highly,  
The wood was oak from Tomsk to Hur,  
The people twirled so spryly.

These men of oak wood made their boats,  
Their ploughs and spades and tables,  
Their knives and plates; one thus promotes  
A trade; they made, too, ladles.

The yellow men brought yellow wood,  
There came too with them metal,  
'Twas brownish yellow as it should,  
And did for sword or kettle.

The metals brought were bronze and gold,  
To record here I hasten,  
The precious metals had some hold  
On Erin's waning phase then.

No precious ore did these folk need,  
Their labour simple, 'tis agreed,  
They cared the child and beast to feed,  
And industry and manhood speed.

Bronze was the metal suited oak,  
Which matched the men who used it;  
Bracelets and urns then art awoke,  
Whilst swords and shields diffused it.

The Arts these people introduced  
Developed much still later,  
To sink again when strength reduced,  
Needs grew, and numbers greater.

Chieftains and cunning men, of course,  
Prized works in bronze most highly;  
But proud and pretty dames did nurse  
New fashions somewhat shyly.

Oak people practised cruel rites,  
Mysterious, secret, bloody;  
The Druids often furnished sights  
Lurid, hideous, ruddy.

When any man had too much Vim,  
And grew too strong with Townsmen;  
The Druids soon disposed of him,  
This method caused no frowns then.

One can to yellow (Bronze) men trace  
 The Welshman's hoang, dragon;  
 The Lung snake one may surely place  
 High as Philistia's dagon.

'Tis certain that the well-known leek  
 Is Welsh as much as Chinese,  
 You find Kiu (Queue) if leek you seek  
 That's pigtail, one the link sees.

The words for pig and dog get mixed;  
 See Sa (Kui) of some nations,  
 Likewise Koh (Cow) for horse is found,  
 So Mo (Bo) points relations.

If dog means bark, and howl means bound,  
 Then shue is mouse mimetic;  
 If drums were made of hides tight bound,  
 Ku's Tympan more phonetic.

Then tau, couteau a knife, and cut,  
 One notes for obvious reasons;  
 Faith must not in all such be put  
 But can one trust the seasons?

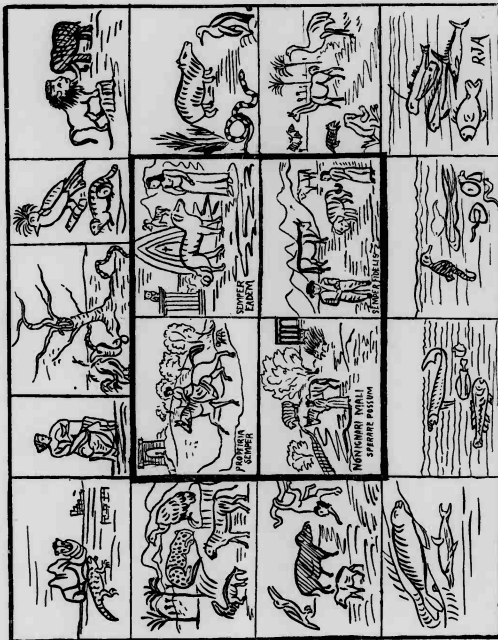
Their enemies they liked not much,  
 They'd ne'er with captives falter,  
 They often burned in baskets such,  
 Or bled them on an altar.

The Dragon on the coat of arms  
 Has clearly come from China,  
 Where they had left behind their farms  
 Before they crossed the Dwina.

But whence came golden hooks to here,  
 And breastplates (gold and jewel)?  
 Some stole them as they passed, I fear,  
 Through the rich region Ural.

The justice *Totem* seems to mean  
 The rulers were not fickle,  
 No love e'er pierced the breastplate's sheen,  
 The culprit met the sickle.

(The Nemides helped the *Totem* cult  
 That in the East had flourished;  
 It has not reached its actum ult,  
 'Tis by child-training nourished.)



## THE ROMANS.

The Romans under Cæsar came  
In boats with banks of sailors,  
The Celts their weakness did proclaim,  
Their cobbles wanted balers.

The Britains lined the shores of Kent  
To stop the Romans landing;  
But Cæsar's children showed they meant  
To cause the Celts disbanding.

It seems that Cæsar touched not Erin,  
The rumours of our Island  
Made Cæsar think the land we're in  
Had too much bog and highland.

It may be news of Erin's strength  
Made Cæsar think of waiting,  
Until he made his plans at length  
To work the undertaking.

This was not likely wild report  
Of bogs, wild mountains, strongmen;  
Cæsar's troops were not the sort  
To quiver at folks' tales then.

The Romans, too, some iron brought,  
Which helped to make things bustle,  
The tools the *white* man's fancy caught,  
Safe arms in hunt or tussle.

The English Celts worked with a will,  
And grew in time so able,  
They towns and roads made with a will,  
Rome's strength kept things there stable.

Britain, helped by some odd Celts  
Who travelled far for learning,  
Commenced to ripen, and she felt  
The glow of truth discerning.

Awaking, moving, stirring on,  
The folk got strong and cheery,  
The Irish Gaels were bent upon  
Learning the best things clearly.

In time the Roman left our Isles,  
Trouble at home was pressing;  
He had to guard his own defiles,  
What happened far passed guessing.

The British were left quite forlorn,  
They had by honest labours  
Made Britain shine like Greece at morn,  
But there were needy neighbours.



#### THE ANGLES.

The Vikings of the Northern Seas  
Came first as guards of Britain ;  
And those that went to Ireland please,  
Brought with them little flitting.

The Angles first drove back the Pict  
Who was for Southward coming,  
The Pict in some things was too strict,  
Liked green fields, flowers, bees humming.

Later then the Angles came,  
And tried to fix their dwellings ;  
Perhaps they were not quite to blame,  
There was rest 'tween strife quellings.

The Gaels and Angles fought like fiends,  
And so did Southern factions,  
The Scottish Gaels made no amends,  
They lived by raids and actions.

In time the Angles gave up boats  
And settled down as landmen,  
They quite forgot the Danes had floats,  
The Danes upset their plans then.

The Danes were of the Northern group  
That travelled East to Erin,  
They now on England dared to swoop,  
No living creature fearing.

The boats the Danes used in the strife  
Were sometimes hitched together,  
These floating isles that teemed with life  
Were engines! *Donner Wetter.*

The Northmen thus invaded us,  
Suppose we're Celts or Saxons,  
Nemedians no doubt aided us  
Against their own connections,

These men came from the land of Beech,  
With iron arms provided,  
Conquered our Islands all and each,  
And spoils of oak divided.

Now if the inroads made till this,  
By all the hordes we've given  
Were made by our own men, I wis  
With Irishmen we've striven.

And yet another thought occurs,  
We may have been divided,  
One half invaders, if no worse,  
The other British sided.

Some settled down and kept their names  
Were in some squabbles beaten,  
But those who Saxonised became  
Found plenty to be eaten.

Things gradually improved a bit,  
The Danes kept going Northward,  
The Celts began the forts to quit,  
And quickly to move forward.

And now the Ireland could well frown  
On fierce domestic squabbles,  
She kept on waxing in renown  
For generals, schools, and cobbles.

R. J. A.

SALTHILL.





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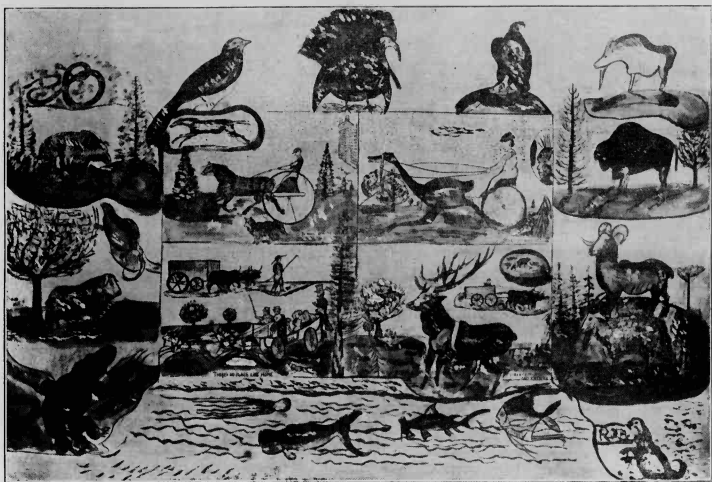
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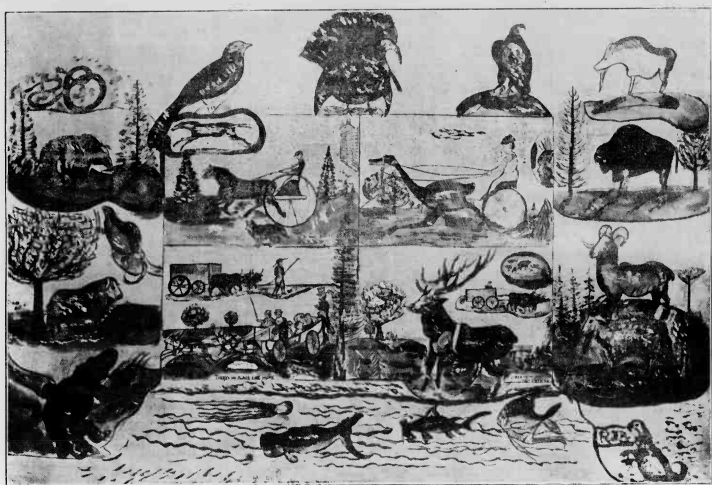
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